

A SUMMER TOUR

IN

SCOTLAND.*



Battle-field of Culloden.

Sketch of Scotland—Crossing the Atlantic—Liverpool—The manufacturing districts—Newcastle—Descent into a coal-mine—Berwick—Electioneering scene—English reserve—Edinburgh—Ascent of Arthur's seat—Charms of the Scotch dialect—Holyrood palace—Mementoes of Queen Mary—Highland village—Gaelic song—Loch Katrine—Lady of the Lake—Lilliputian steamboat—Life in the Highlands—Loch Lomond—Highland scenery—Pleasing adventure—Ascent of Ben Lomond—Social condition of the Scotch—Beautiful glens—Visit to Iona and Staffa—Great Glen of Scotland—Ascent of Ben Nevis—Charming scenery—Inverness—Culloden moor—Loch Leven—Mary's castle—Royal regalia—English aristocracy—Gretna Green—Windermere.

THE greatest length of Scotland is 280, and greatest breadth 146 miles; its area about 25,000 square miles, or about equal to that of South Carolina. Generally speaking, it is so rugged and sterile that not more than one-third of its surface is arable. It contains but a few extensive vales, its surface, even where most level, being much diversified with hill and dale. Her natural scenery, as described by Sir Walter Scott, is "a wildering scene of mountains, rocks, and woods," and her glens and mountains, lakes and streams teem with traditions of a more romantic age, and are rendered

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immortal by the eloquence of his descriptions. Originally Scotland was covered in a great part by wood, as is expressed in its ancient name *Caledonia*, signifying, in Gaelic, a wooded, hilly country. Sixty years ago the country had become almost entirely bare of wood, but latterly extensive plantations have been formed in most districts, as a protection to the cultivated lands. Husbandry, a hundred years since, was in a very backward state; now, owing to enlightened agriculture, it is the very reverse. The chief grain is oats, the cultivation of which covers one-quarter of all the arable land; this hardy plant furnishes food for the great bulk of the people and of all classes of community.

The Scotch are of the same origin as the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, and are a large muscular race. The Scotch figure is not so round and soft as the English; the face in particular is long and angular, with broad cheek-bones. The people are characterized by their energy, enterprise, perseverance, and habits of thrift: caution, foresight, and reflection appear to be prominent traits in them. They are noted for their love of country and for their strong sense of religion; nowhere is the Sabbath observed with more decorum than in Scotland. Education is generally diffused, and it is comparatively rare to find a native unable to read and write. Since the year 1600 the population of Scotland has increased from one to three millions. In the north, the population is very sparse, averaging in some districts not over two families to the square mile.

Scotland is noted also for her divines, novelists, and her poets. The names of Knox, Chalmers, Scott, Campbell, and Burns are as familiar, wherever our language is spoken, as household words.

This country was long one of the most barbarous in Europe. To the ancient Romans it was unknown as a distinct country, being, with England and Wales, received as one country under the general name of Albion, or Britain, and divided among a multitude of different tribes. Its original inhabitants appear to have been the Picts or Caledonians, the ancestors of the Scotch Highlanders. A few centuries after the commencement of the Christian era, the country was successively invaded and partially conquered by the Saxons and by the Scots. These two last finally occupied the southern part or the lowlands of Scotland, and from them originated the race later known as the Scotch Lowlanders. The original country of the Scots was Ireland, which, in the fourth century, was often called Scotland.

"On the extinction of the direct line of the Scottish kings, in 1290, by the death of Margaret of Norway, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, descendants of David I, appeared as competitors for the crown. The pretensions of both were supported by powerful parties, and, to avoid civil war, it was decided to refer the matter to Edward I, king of England. Edward now claimed that the kings of England were paramount in Scotland, and that the competitors should do homage to him as such. This was consented to, and Edward, finding Baliol most suitable to his views, decided in his favor. The latter, however, being less subservient than was expected, was speedily set aside by Edward, who attempted to seize the kingdom on the pretense of its having escheated to him through the rebellion of his vassal.

The nation, however, was not so to be transferred. The standard of rebellion was raised by Sir William Wallace, and in the sequel the famous Robert Bruce, grandson of the competitor of Baliol, appeared in the field. The battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, decided the contest, and gave independence to Scotland by establishing the conqueror and his family on the throne. The House of Stuart succeeded in 1371, the unfortunate history of which is invested with more than ordinary interest. The principles of the Reformers were early introduced into Scotland, and were eagerly adopted by both the nobles and people. The Protestant religion obtained the ascendancy in 1560, shortly before the return of the beautiful but ill-fated Mary from France. At this period the royal authority was at a very low ebb; the most violent contentions prevailed among the nobility, and it would have required a sovereign of no ordinary ability and energy of character to conduct the government under such difficult circumstances. Mary failed—her anti-Protestant prejudices, and the violence of her passions were ill suited to such a condition of the country. Having been deposed in 1567, Mary was succeeded by her son James VI, then a minor. The latter succeeded, on the demise of Elizabeth, in 1603, to the crown of England, by which event the two British crowns were happily united under one sovereign.

From the accession of the Stuarts to the union of the crowns, a period of about 230 years, Scotland, speaking generally, was in a most turbulent and unsettled state. The feudal system had been early introduced, and the great estates and influence enjoyed by several of the nobles enabled them to rival the sovereign in power and importance, and sometimes to despise his orders, and insult his person. In England the power of the nobles had been reduced by the elevation of the commons, and thus the sovereign depended more on the affections of the people for support, than on the caprice of the great barons. The kings of Scotland, however, had no such support to fall back upon—they depended on their vassals, who were restrained only by interest. In consequence, the power of the kings was much circumscribed, and civil broils were of perpetual recurrence. England, for special reasons, fomented these discords, and kept the country in a continual state of ferment and anarchy.

The union of the crowns in 1603, introduced a great change for the better into the domestic relations of Scotland. The barons could no longer look to England for countenance or support in the contest with their sovereigns, and as a consequence, the power of the latter over the masses was proportionately increased. Hence, though Scotland labored under various grievances, resulting principally from the unseasonable hostility of the sovereign to the Presbyterian form of church government, to which the majority of the people were enthusiastically attached, the kingdom gained materially in tranquillity and good order.

The union of the kingdoms, in 1707, was, as it were, the natural result and completion of the union of the crowns. Though unpopular at the time, and opposed by many of the best Scottish patriots, it has been of vast advantage to Scotland as well as to the empire generally.

In the suppression of the rebellion of 1745 were extinguished the long

cherished hopes of the Jacobites, and at the same time this result was advantageous in stimulating the government to great measures for the civilization of the Highlanders, and the introduction of a more efficient judiciary. The old feudal judicatories were abolished, and the empire of law and order established throughout the country. The most satisfactory conditions ensued, and the public energies were happily turned into those departments of industry and enterprise in which they have achieved such astonishing pre-eminence."

It is now some years since, that the Rev. Jacob Abbott, of New York, made a tour to the most prominent points of interest in Scotland. His narrative, entitled "A Summer in Scotland," is written with that truthfulness and simplicity of style for which this author is noted.

Mr. Abbott left Boston in one of the Cunard line of steamships. His narrative commences with his departure from his native land. He describes life on board of a steamship, and the every-day incidents of a voyage at sea, with a clearness we have not seen elsewhere. After landing at Liverpool he proceeded through the great manufacturing district—wherein lie the main elements of the gigantic power and prosperity of the nation,—through York to Newcastle, in the north of England, famous for its coals. He made several visits to the collieries, and on one occasion sprang into a huge bucket, suspended over the mouth of a coal-pit, and descended perpendicularly, by the power of steam, eight hundred feet into the bowels of the earth. He there wandered about for hours, a distance of several miles through various alleys and lanes in that subterranean world. At one time he was under the bed of the river Tyne, which flowed on in its course nearly a thousand feet above, bearing upon its surface throngs of shipping. Finishing his underground explorations, he returned to daylight in the same manner as he had descended, and about dusk a few evenings later arrived at the southeastern town of Scotland, Berwick-upon-Tweed, after a comfortable passage, upon a railroad car, of three hours' duration, through a country of extreme verdure and beauty of scenery.

The old town of Berwick, or *Berrick* as they pronounce it, was then in an uproar of excitement, it having been on the eve of an election. Groups of men, women, and children filled the streets, flags were flying from the windows, and the whole scene was illuminated by the light of burning tar-barrels. The candidates, as is customary on these occasions, were courting popularity by throwing halfpence from the windows of the Red Lion, the principal tavern of the town, to a throng of ragged boys and girls, men and women in the street below; and whenever the coin jingled upon the stones a general scramble took place, amusing to behold, in which numbers would be thrown upon the ground piled upon each other, some of the children entirely disappearing from view under the heap of scramblers. Shouts soon after went up for tar-barrels from hundreds of voices: "Give us some shillin's to buy some *tor-borrills*." Their wants were supplied, the "*tor-borrills*" were lighted, and, with great "noise and confusion," sent rolling zig-zag through

the streets, causing a general scattering among the people whenever they came near.

The remains of the old fortifications, which surround Berwick, are to a certain extent covered with grass, and furnish a delightful walk; the scene, as one progresses, is continually changing. From these heights one has a delightful view of the sea and its smooth beaches, while in other directions, the smooth green hills, having been cultivated for centuries, please the eye by a peculiar softness of verdure unknown to our country. Our traveler, late on the evening of his arrival, wandered out upon the summit of the mound to enjoy the quiet beauty of the scenery. He there found two other gentlemen evidently travelers and on the same errand as himself. In our country nothing would have been more natural than for them to have sought the acquaintance of each other; but this English etiquette forbade, and to have done so would have been considered rudeness. Our people travel partly for the purpose of seeing character, and to make acquaintances which will facilitate their business plans, and therefore, on these occasions, wish to know and be known. In England, as in all densely populated countries, there is more danger from forming hasty acquaintances among strangers; beside which a large number of persons travel mainly for the sake of rest and retirement from the busy scenes of pleasure in which they have been merged, and therefore wish to avoid forming new associations. Again, the distinction of classes, which in the course of centuries has interwoven itself into the very constitution of English society, forbids an easy familiarity among those wholly ignorant of each other's claims to notice.

From Berwick our traveler proceeded to Edinburgh, by the great northern railway, which, running through a beautiful, fertile country along the verge of the lofty cliffs, here bounding the German Ocean, furnishes a magnificent sea-view.

Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, is a town of about the population of Cincinnati. It consists of two parts, the Old and the New Town. The latter lies on level ground, on the north, and is a handsome, modern-built city; the former is separated from it by a deep valley running east and west, and lies south of the other on a long and lofty ridge, and bears an ancient, venerable aspect. Prince's street, the Broadway of Edinburgh, is in the New town on the edge of the dividing valley, and is noted for the magnificence of its buildings. Between the Old and New towns, and between the various sections of the New town itself, as well as in the centers of the principal squares, gardens are laid out in the modern landscape style, forming delightful places of recreation. It is chiefly owing to the unequal ground upon which Edinburgh is situated, the massive elegance and regularity of its buildings, the intermixture of ornamental pleasure-ground, and the picturesque hills immediately adjacent, whence distant and extensive prospects are commanded, that this city makes so great an impression upon strangers.

The hills, in the environs, afford very extended and varied views. The most famous of these are Calton Hill, the Salisbury Crag, and Arthur's Seat, the towering summit of a vast collection of precipices, glens and peaks. To American eyes these hills, valleys, and slopes are so very smooth and green

as to be very striking, because with us wild land of this kind is covered with forests, and stony, whereas here man has been in possession for many centuries and the steep slopes have become worn to almost the smoothness of a lawn.

In company with a lady, who had scaled some of the loftiest mountains of Switzerland and Italy, our traveler, one evening about sunset, attempted the ascent. After rising several hundred feet by a narrow zig-zag path, they turned to look back, when the depth below them struck them with awe. Every moment they were apprehensive of sliding, in which event there was nothing to prevent them from descending clear to the bottom of the valley. Far above extended the same slippery steep, crowned by a line of frowning cliffs. For a moment they were doubtful how to proceed, but at length, with great caution, they picked out their course, and soon after were at the summit. In the meantime the hill was dotted with other parties following close after them, carefully picking out their way, and the air was filled with the strains of martial music, that came from a Scottish bagpipe across the wide glen, in tones sweet and softened by distance.

Amid the green slopes of the hill was an abundance of wild flowers, and every crag was adorned by the "bluebells of Scotland." Blooming among the rest was a tiny, delicate daisy, which at the time escaped the particular notice of Mr. Abbott; it being, like true worth, modest and unobtrusive. But the genius of Burns, which hallowed everything it touched and drew inspiration from the humblest objects of nature, found a congenial task in portraying its charms, and in drawing therefrom a simple, touching moral. To appreciate the beauty of the lines, they should be read aloud, deliberately, and with emphasis.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure*
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
My bonnie gem.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted† forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above thy parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield.
But thou, beneath the random bield‡
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie§ stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless star'd!
Unskillful he to note the card||
Of prudent lore.
The billows ~~rose~~ and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

* *Stoure*, dust in motion.

† *Glinted*, peeped.

‡ *Bield*, shelter.

§ *Histe*, dry

|| *Card* referring to the compass card, on which the points of the compass are marked to guide the helmsman.

Such fate of <i>suffering worth</i> is giv'n,	Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate.
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,	<i>That fate is thine</i> —no distant date ;
By human pride or cunning driv'n	Stern ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
To mis'ry's brink ;	Full on thy bloom,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heav'n,	Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
He, ruin'd, sink!	Shall be thy doom.

Seating themselves upon the summit, Mr. A. and companion were soon approached by a young lad, who very respectfully addressed them, and said, pointing to the plain beneath : "Wad the ladie like to see Jeanie Dean's cottage, which is described in Walter Scott's novel of the Heart of Mid Lothian? Yon is it—the double cottage, by the road-side, with the tiled roof." "Yon village," soon continued he, "is Libberton, where Reuben Butler lived, who was engaged to be married to Jeanie." Then, after pointing out other localities of similar interest, he added : "Those hills, to the south, are the Pentland Hills, and that high land, further east, is the Lammermuir, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's novel, the Bride of Lammermuir." This, and much other information, was conveyed to them by the young man in a pleasant Scotch tone, but in good English words. His subject in accosting them, "Wad the ladie like to see Jeanie Dean's cottage?" instead of pointing out the magnificent castles, palaces, and abbeys, and other like objects in view, was a strong evidence of the absorbing interest which it is rightly supposed has been excited in every traveler in objects immortalized by the genius of Scott. Aside from this, the language of the guide was attractive to our travelers. "There is," says Mr. Abbott, "a charm about the Scotch dialect to one, who, after having been from childhood accustomed to it in reading and hearing read the writings of Burns and Scott, now for the first time listens to it in real life, which makes you glad to stop and talk with any one who uses it, whether what they say is of any importance or not."

The most interesting spot about Edinburgh is the bedroom of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the palace of Holyrood. It is full of relics, sad mementoes of one whose whole life was a melancholy history, and over whose dark fate, even after the lapse of three centuries, the tear of sympathy is wont to fall. The room has an extremely antique expression, its old-fashioned furniture, ancient-looking pictures, time-worn and faded, all look fragile, as if about to fall to dust by the ravages of age. Everything remains just as Mary left it. In this and the adjoining apartment, the visitor is shown a chair embroidered by Mary herself, the queen's work-table, and upon it her work-box, lined with silk now decayed and torn, and containing her pincushion and the other articles for which it was appropriated ; beside these it holds a beautiful miniature of Mary at the period when she was married to Lord Darnley. There is also a picture of Mary on the walls, representing her in her execution robes, as she was led out to be beheaded by order of Queen Elizabeth, after an imprisonment of eighteen years. In a little cabinet adjoining is a portrait of poor Rizzio, who was stabbed in Mary's arms, as he, in vain, rushed to her for protection from his ruthless murderers. He was an affectionate and gentle boy, and the extreme beauty and innocence of his face is such that every one, who sees his portrait, involuntarily acquits him of crime

Rizzio lies buried under the pavement of the palace. The room, in which he was assassinated, has not been occupied from that day to this.

After visiting, with melancholy interest, the ruins of the palace at Linlithgow, some twenty miles west of Edinburgh, where Mary was born, our traveler set out upon a tour to the extended mountainous region in western Scotland, known as the Western Highlands, and celebrated for its wild and picturesque scenery, its lofty mountains, and its romantic lakes. Among the latter are Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, which are but four or five miles apart, being separated by a wild and rugged glen.

Proceeding leisurely from Edinburgh up the broad and beautiful valley of the Forth, through a region of luxuriant fertility and adorned with cottages, parks, gardens, plantations, and villas, he arrived at the town and castle of Stirling, which stands on a rocky hill, island-like, in the midst of a scene of beauty and fertility. From thence he continued on toward the mountains, which gradually loomed larger and grew nearer, until, when the last rays of the sun had departed from their summits, he was in their very midst; riding into a long street of a mountain village, he dismounted, and entered the village inn. The street was bounded by thatched and tile-covered cottages, before the doors of which the cottagers were out with their wives and children enjoying the evening air, now that the labors of the long summer-day were ended.

Having engaged quarters for the night, our traveler sallied out to see a neighboring waterfall among the mountains. Taking a little boy as a guide, he had proceeded but a short distance, when he met two young girls returning from some pastures above. He bade them good evening, when they returned his salutation in good English, and then added some words in an unknown language. Learning, by inquiry from his guide, that it was the Gaelic, the ancient language of Scotland, the little fellow, at his desire, asked them to "Sing the gentleman a Gaelic song." "Yes," rejoined Mr. Abbott, "let us hear it; sing away." At once they commenced in full and clear voices, and sang, in perfect time, a simple but spirited and expressive song. While singing, with childlike modesty, they half-way turned their heads; but when their song was ended they again looked up with grateful and happy faces. Mr. Abbott remunerated them for their music and invited them to accompany him to the waterfall.

The next morning, in company with numerous other tourists, he set out in an open car and proceeded up a pretty glen, and finally entered a narrow and romantic mountain gorge, named the Trosachs; he stopped at the farther end of the gorge at the Trosachs' inn, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Katrine. This lake is made classic by the poem of the Lady of the Lake. Here the traveler is pointed out the watch-tower of Rhoderic Dhu, a rocky hill towering several hundred feet above the water, and a lovely island called "Ellen's Isle." Two lofty peaks, in the mountain range which hems in the lake, Ben-Venue and Ben-An, mark its commencement. Both are enormous masses covered densely with heather and ferns, which, when seen in the slanting rays of an evening or morning sun, have an inexpressibly rich and velvety appearance.

The next day Mr. Abbott left the inn and embarked upon the tiny steamer

that plys upon the lake. It was the smallest sample of a steamboat that ever met his eye; it was open, long, and narrow, with seats around its sides, which were protected from the weather, like a tent, with canvas above. The engine was of Lilliputian dimensions, but worked well, and carried them along rapidly until it stopped; when the party landed and proceeded to cross the glen which separates Loch Katrine from Loch Lomond. Part proceeded on foot, with their knapsacks buckled on their backs, while others got into *droskies*, a sort of gig much used in the Highlands. Our traveler was surprised to see, not only here but in all the Highland valleys which he subsequently visited, that the country appeared almost completely devoid of inhabitants. Some of these valleys are of great extent, and for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach, the view is ever open and unobstructed. The bounding hills and slopes are naked and totally devoid of trees, there being instead a soft carpet of grass and heather, with, here and there, small herds of sheep and cattle, while in the bottom of each glen lies an excellent but narrow road, upon which a team, or a farmer's wagon going to market, is never seen. Occasionally one passes a solitary hut, the residence of some shepherd and family, with, perhaps, a vegetable patch or two around it. Now and then, he comes to a cluster of cottages and an inn, which, if he enters, he will be astonished to find amply provided with everything to minister to his comfort. These are all the signs of habitations that appear, except occasionally a plain sort of hunting boxes, the temporary residence of sportsmen who come up here in the summer season, to spend a few days on their estates in shooting grouse. In truth, the whole of the Highlands are now but the abodes of scattered shepherds and herdsmen, and of those who provide for the wants of tourists and sportsmen, who wander thither for health and pleasure amid their enchanting scenery.

There are but few remains of the ancient Highland manners, which are so well depicted by the historians and romance writers of Scotland. By the policy of the English government, laws were passed after the unfortunate battle of Culloden, by which the wealth and the power of the chieftains were destroyed and the clans broken up, and now neither exist save in history and in song. Even the dress is rarely worn, except by some few individuals, on rare occasions, as a matter of curiosity.

Mr. Abbott went over to Loch Lomond in a drosky. His first view was from a high mountain-pass, when far below, suddenly burst upon his sight this beautiful sheet of water at the bottom of a long, deep, and narrow valley. Clouds and mists were rolling along the sides of the mountains, and the effect occasioned by them upon the lake and its dark and deep valley, was gloomy and sublime.

After a short sojourn at an ancient stone cottage, on the borders of Loch Lomond, called Rowerdennan Inn, the little steamer which plies on the lake, was seen gliding into view from around a projecting headland, and, on its arrival, the company embarked. The impression one obtains of the loch from on board of the steamboat, "is simply that of a long and narrow sheet of water, bordered by lofty mountains, which rise abruptly from the water's edge and are endlessly varied in contour, but all clothed to their summits

with a rich, soft, and velvet-like covering of deep green and brown. The whole scene, though inexpressibly beautiful and grand, seems at first an absolute solitude. The few faint traces of the presence of man along the shores have to be sought out with scrutiny and with care."

Mr. Abbott remained several days enjoying the charming scenery of the loch. He narrates some little adventures of his at this time, which give one a pleasant insight into the every-day life of the Highland cottiers. While taking a stroll late one afternoon, he overtook a peasant girl, neatly dressed, in the path just before him. Just then she was in the act of stooping down, and appeared to be doing something about her feet. Thinking she had hurt her foot, he put the inquiry. She replied very artlessly: "There is na' ony thing the matter, I was only takin' aff my shoon and stockin's because they hurt my feet." The road, "a little further along was very rough," and she could "better gang barefoot." He entered into conversation with her, and to his numerous inquiries, respecting her ways of living, she answered with a modest frankness and simplicity that was very gratifying. Soon they came to a broad, though shallow stream, and he uttered an exclamation as to how he should cross it. "Na," said she, "ye canna get across here; but stay, and I'll pit a stane for ye." Saying which, she waded into the water and put stones in line for him to pass over. At length, at the top of a slight declivity, they reached an old Highland cottage, built of stone, and with a thatch-covered roof. At the door was a neatly attired, intelligent, and fine-looking woman, with two or three children playing around her, one of which was a beautiful little girl of seven, her hair arranged with motherly pride, hanging in ringlets. Here, he bade the mountain maiden good-bye, and stopped to talk awhile with the good woman, on the broad flat stone before her door. By her invitation, he walked in to rest. The room was small, and as he bent down to enter, out bounded a pet lamb, a dog, and a kitten. Rough, flat stones formed the floor. The house was without a chimney, and in the back part of the room, a fire was built against a large flat stone, the smoke from which, ascended through a hole in the roof. Only a few small, dry sticks were burning, fire-wood being very difficult to obtain. He entered freely into conversation with her, and told her how people of her class lived in his country. He described the log-houses of our farmers; their immense fire-places, and their great heaps of firewood before their doors for winter's use, and said, that in many parts, the forests were so much in the way, that they destroyed them, adding, that he supposed that here they were not allowed to cut the trees. "Na, na," she replied, "we darena coot a tree. We should be driven oot o' the lan' entirely, an' be fined foreby."

The next day, in company with a young lowlander and a guide, our traveler ascended the lofty mountain of Ben Lomond. The mountains of Scotland are peculiar, being entirely bare of trees or any other obstructions; yet, are just as beautiful, as if covered with verdant forests. "A soft, rich cushion of green and brown, covers the whole, beautifully variegated with the different shades of verdure which grass and heather, in their various combinations, assume, and by the change of light and shade produced by the

undulating surface, and by the movement of the clouds." From the summit of Ben Lomond, a glorious view was had over nearly a third of Scotland. At their feet lay beautiful lakes, deeply embosomed in the mountains: the lofty peaks of Ben-Venue and Ben-An, and numerous others seemed to pierce the very heavens. In the distance, was seen Stirling Castle, and beyond, Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh.

Our traveler, after a few days' wanderings among these scenes, mounted a coach, ascended a narrow road through a gap in the mountains, and took a final leave of Loch Lomond. He passed rapidly through glen after glen, and by lake after lake, and arms of the sea, shut in among the smooth, heather-covered mountains, green to their summits, the whole combining to produce an impression of surpassing grandeur, and of perfect solitude. Yet, deserted as these glens appeared, they are inhabited by three distinct classes of inhabitants. First, are the noblemen, who here hold immense estates, of miles and miles in extent, and beautiful country-seats in which they reside but a few weeks in the summer, spending the greater part of the year amid the festivities of London. Second, follow the attorney, the clergyman, and the "tacksman," whose business it is to lease a part of the lands for grazing. This second class perform no manual labor, possess the dress, manners, and cultivation of gentlemen, but look up with profound veneration to the noble proprietor, and in turn, down upon the third class, the "cottiers," the laborers, and the shepherds, as the mere "common herd." Unlike our cultivators of the soil, these are entirely free from care, having nothing more to do than to pay their rents, and simply to work on as their fathers did before them. They have no hope nor chance of rising, and stand in neither fear nor danger of falling. They are, of course, very humble and very poor, but contented with their position, and have by habit, so long been accustomed to have somebody above them to look up to, that they seem to experience from it a feeling of protection and safety. How different is this from the position of the American, who is ever striving to rise in the social scale, and who will bear every evil and endure every suffering, sooner than the feeling of dependence?

After passing through the beautiful glens above described, Mr. Abbott reached the little town of Oban, built mainly of cheerful-looking white cottages, standing under some lofty cliffs, on a small but picturesque bay on the Atlantic coast. Beyond, far out at sea, the Scottish highlands rise from the blue waters, in the form of numerous small islands, some of which are of exquisite beauty. The largest are inhabited, containing towns and villages; on the smaller, roam flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Some are used as hunting-grounds by the proprietors, who, at certain seasons, visit them to shoot grouse, which breed in great numbers amid the heather. Mr. Abbott overheard an English gentleman say to a companion, that the population of a large island they were then sailing past, did not increase; that a large number were obliged to emigrate not long before, "because the duke compelled them." "He does not want," continued he, "the population to increase. He wants to keep it a quiet, still place, for his shooting?"

Two of these islands, Iona and Staffa, are objects of great interest to

tourists. The first, is the spot from whence Christianity first originated in Scotland. St. Columba, about the middle of the sixth century, founded here a monastery and a nunnery. The Culdees or followers of Columba, rendered great services to the whole north, supplying teachers for the seminaries of England, and sending missionaries to Norway, and even Russia. They taught the principles of primitive Christianity, rejecting alike, the vows of celibacy and the ceremonies of the Romish Church. Iona at length became Roman Catholic, and flourished until the Reformation, when its monks were dispersed, and its edifices demolished. Upon it are the ruins of a cathedral, a church, and a nunnery : adjacent to the first, is a graveyard, where repose the remains of no less than forty-eight ancient Scottish kings, eight of Norway, four of Ireland, and one of France. Staffa, five miles north, is a small but lofty islet, and is composed of, and stands on, a multitude of basaltic columns, which project out of the ocean. Its chief attraction is Fingal's Cave, a vast cavern, whose sides are formed of the columns, through which, the sea dashes in and out with a tremendous roar. Taking a small steamer at Oban, our traveler devoted one day to a visit to the curiosities of both of these islands, returning in the evening.

From Oban, he proceeded in a steamer up northward, through an arm of the sea called Loch Linhee, and landed at a small village on its eastern shore, for the purpose of making the ascent of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland. Various mountain peaks were visible, lifting their green heads up all around ; but Ben Nevis, the monarch of them all, was shut out from view among soft, wool-like clouds. The next day, in company with a guide, he effected the ascent after four hours of toilsome labor. The lower part is a broad expanse of pasturage, on which subsist large flocks of sheep ; the upper, is a mass of stones and debris, and beyond the limit of vegetation. At its summit, the sun was shining brightly, while the summer clouds beneath shut out all view of the lower world. But our traveler found consolation in the reflection of being elevated so far above the surrounding country. With the pleasant sensation which resting confers, after severe physical effort, he sat down beside a cairn—a tall monument of stones, raised to commemorate some event—breathed in the balmy air, and mused upon the awful solitude, desolation, and grave-like quiet that rested upon all things.

The spot where Mr. Abbott landed, is in a vast fissure, called the Great Glen of Scotland : it begins with Loch Linhee at Oban, on the Atlantic shore, and running in a northeast direction, clear across the heart of the country for about a hundred miles, terminates at the German ocean, leaving on the north, about one-third of Scotland. It varies in width, from one to three miles. About seventy miles of this valley are occupied by long and narrow strips of water or lochs, of variable size. Through this opening has been constructed the Caledonian canal, the labor of building which, was comparatively slight, from the natural navigation furnished so much of the way by the lochs. The passage of the canal, which is effected by steamers, is pleasant from the variety of the scenery ; the wild and mountainous character of the country ; the rude villages and the ancient castles and modern forts. Starting in a small steamer from the Atlantic side, our traveler found

an air of solitude resting upon the scene. The canal was seen before them, winding its way along a narrow, but cultivated and verdant valley, while on either side, ran long ranges of mountains, with here and there scattered cottages along their green slopes. Not any villages nor busy landings were in view, the canal appearing to be principally devoted to transporting a few tourists along the chain of lochs. As they advanced, the rich green of the heather disappeared, and projecting ledges gave the slopes a stern and desolate aspect; occasionally, however, some broad, lateral, fertile glen opened to view, disclosing fields of waving grain, and sometimes the country houses or hunting-boxes of the gentry, peering forth from a mass of shrubbery. At one place, they passed within a few rods of two gentlemen reclining upon a grassy lawn, in front of one of these residences, and gazing at their boat as it glided by. Our traveler was at the moment conversing with the captain, who told him that Lord —— owned that estate. "He has recently bought it for thirty-five thousand pounds. That is he, with the white hat, lying upon the grass." The place was beautiful, but the region round about, desolate and lonely. "What portion of the year, does the owner spend here?" inquired Mr. A. "Oh," rejoined the captain, "only two or three weeks in the shooting season. He only bought it for his amusement, and keeps it just for game. He has very large estates in England."

At the end of Loch Ness, the mountains give place to a broad and fertile country, of surpassing rural loveliness. It was harvest-time, and the reapers were at work in immense bands, there being in one spot, a line of fifty or more, principally women, who, as they advanced together, carried the whole field with them. Immense stacks of hay and oats were being constructed in various spots, as large and as regular in shape as a barn. Amid this scenery, stands the charming town of Inverness, with its handsome villas and gardens; and just east of it, on the margin of Moray Frith, is the fatal field of Culloden Moor, where, in 1745, perished the cause of Charles Stuart and the power of the Highland chieftains was broken forever. Every schoolboy recollects the pathetic lines of Campbell, where the wizard, on meeting the gallant Lochiel, forewarns him of this event—of the defeat of the Highlanders, and the flight of their king:

"LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day,
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee, in battle array;
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
 * * * * *

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring,
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
 Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'Tis finished! their thunders are hushed on the moors:
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores."

From Inverness our traveler again turned southward, toward Edinburgh,

passing through the old town of Perth, which is some forty-five miles north of the capital, the intervening country being highly cultivated, and presenting in its broad fields, plantations of trees, parks, lawns, villages, and farm-houses, a strong contrast to the Highlands, and the rude homes of their inhabitants. Near midway, stands Loch Leven, a wide lake, some fifteen miles around, imbosoming in its center, a small, low island, where in the midst of a grove of evergreens, stand the ruins of an old castle, its walls grown over with moss and creepers, in which Queen Mary was imprisoned. Mr. Abbott having engaged some boatmen, was rowed to the spot, and gives a lengthy and interesting description. The castle was very small, and Mary was shut up in a little tower overhanging the water. After a confinement of several months, she escaped in a boat, through the aid of George Douglass, a young man, and brother of the keeper, who became interested in the beautiful and unhappy prisoner. While our traveler was gazing upon the scene, his guide narrated the events of her escape and subsequent history, in language that Scott would have been eager to have embodied in a tale, and ended with saying, that after "she got awa', she brocht a few o' her freends thegither, but could na' mak' head against her enemies; an' sae she fled to England, in hopes she could fin' somebody to tak' pairt wi' her there: but she was joost taken up by Queen Eleebeth, wha was her ain cuisin, an' shut up in prison for many years, an' then beheaded. She was very hardly used puir leddy; but she held firm to her principles through it a'."

In ancient times, castles were first erected and formed points around which towns by degrees grew up. Such was the case with the old castle of Edinburgh, which yet stands on a lofty eminence in the Old town, and is noted in history. The *regalia*, consisting of the *crown*, the *scepter*, and the *sword of state*, with other royal emblems of the ancient monarchy of Scotland, are yet preserved within its walls. After the crowns of England and Scotland became united, in the person of Charles I, that monarch ordered the regalia to be taken to London. This, the Scotch would not agree to; though they acknowledged that he was lawfully their king, but claimed that Scotland was a distinct monarchy from England, and that he must come to Scone, the ancient place of the coronation of the Scottish kings, to be crowned.

After the execution of Charles, Cromwell made war upon the Scotch royalists, and endeavored to get possession of the regalia. These being of immense pecuniary value, apart from other considerations, were sent to Dunnottar castle, a strong position on the sea-coast, south of Aberdeen, for safety. This castle became invested by a strong military force, and as it was evident that it could not stand a long siege, the royal emblems were in imminent danger of soon falling into the hands of the English. They were, however, saved by a stratagem of a lady—a Mrs. Granger, the wife of a clergyman, in an adjoining parish. Having obtained permission of the English general to visit the lady of the Governor, she took with her two maids, who on their return, carried out the sword and scepter, secreted in some bundles of flax, which they said, they were going to spin for the governor's lady. The crown, Mrs. Granger secreted about her person, and that same night, her husband buried them under the pavement-stone in front of his

pulpit. A few weeks after, when the castle surrendered, the English general finding the regalia—the great object of his efforts—missing, treated the governor and his lady with great cruelty, to force them to confess where they were deposited. The latter died some time after, in consequence, it was said, of injuries received in the vain attempt to extort the secret from her.

On the restoration of the monarchy in England, the regalia were placed in possession of the Scottish parliament, and all those who had been connected in their preservation rewarded. At the consummation of the union of the kingdoms of Scotland and England, at the beginning of the last century, the Scottish people were much excited, and many deeply opposed to the measure; therefore, to allay the excitement, the royal emblems were locked up out of view, in an enormous oaken, iron-bound chest, and placed in a strong, prison-like room in Edinburgh Castle. The apartment then remained unopened for *ninety* years, and the chest itself for a quarter of a century longer. At length, generations having passed away and the public mind being at rest upon the subject of the union, orders were given, about the year 1817, to open the chest, and bring to light these royal emblems, upon which no eye had rested for more than a century.

Sir Walter Scott was appointed among the commissioners for this purpose. There was intense interest and excitement in the crowds which surrounded the castle during the opening of the chest. Numerous stories were afloat, and many declared that the emblems would not be found—that they had been stolen away to England. Of course, no one could prove to the contrary. The room was entered, the chest broken open, and the treasures found safe. As evidence of success, a flag was raised upon the castle, whereupon the multitude filled the air with oft-repeated huzzas. There the regalia still remain, and from that day to this, they have been visited by an almost uninterrupted succession of strangers. Beside the regalia, there are several other of the royal jewels and badges deposited beside them. They all lie upon velvet cloths and cushions, beneath an iron grating: the rich gold and brilliant gems, in the dim light of the place, sparkle with a most imposing effect.

Early one morning, before the sun had risen, our traveler mounted a stage-coach in Glasgow, being on the point of his departure from the romantic and picturesque land of the Scots. Standing about in the streets, were numerous groups of countrymen and women, each furnished with sickles, and waiting to be hired for the day, to reap in the neighboring fields, by farmers or their agents, who were walking among them for this purpose. In Great Britain, the word *farmer*, describes a different sort of person from what it does in our country. He is there a kind of semi-gentleman, a point midway between the proprietor and the laborer. He hires from the former, the right simply to crop the land; another—generally the proprietor himself—has “the shooting,” and not unfrequently somebody else still, “the fishing.”

Neither is the proprietor, in our sense, the owner of the soil. He only has the *use of the estate during lifetime*; he can neither sell nor give it away on decease; its use falls to his eldest son, by the law of entail, who is the sole representative of his family, and so on in rotation, generation after generation. The rest of the brothers and sisters are left to be provided for other-

wise ; usually they are obliged to shift for themselves. As the sons grow up, some are sent into the army, some into the navy, others embrace professions, and all are obliged to work for their living, that the "family" name and fortune may be aggrandized in the person of the eldest son. The Englishman is proud in having a long line of ancestors, and is desirous for its continuance through all future generations. Abominable and unjust as the law of entail seems to us, yet it is probable that if it were abolished, English gentlemen would generally make wills to endeavor to effect the same purpose. As our traveler was leaving Glasgow in the mail coach, a fellow-passenger conversing with him upon these subjects, was told by him, that in America, the testator could leave his property to any person he chose. "Indeed !" replied the Englishman, "I thought your laws required its being divided equally." "Not at all," rejoined the other ; "our laws divide it equally, in the absence of any testamentary directions ; but the proprietor may convey it by his will, as he pleases." "Then, why does he not give it all to his oldest son ?" "Because he *loves* the others just as much as he does him." "But does he not want to *found a family* ?" continued the Englishman, in accents of surprise.

On the Scottish border, the coach reached a neat little village, the famous Gretna Green, and the coachman pointed to a handsome white house, seen through intervening shrubbery, where runaway couples are united.

At Carlisle, a few miles farther on, the company changed to the cars, and went on at railroad speed. Soon after, our traveler took a branch line which led into the famous lake and mountain region of Cumberland, in the north-western part of England, and noted the world over for its romantic scenery. It was Saturday afternoon, and he felt desirous to go to some quiet place, where he could pass the approaching Sabbath ; and where would he find one more appropriate than Windermere ? the home of the poet Wordsworth, and a spot of surpassing rural loveliness and beauty.

The sun went down ere he reached the place, and the mountains and valleys were assuming the dark, somber hue of night, when he was set down at the castle-like inn on the borders of the romantic lake, Windermere. He ordered his evening meal, and while it was preparing, "began to mount a hill behind the house, which seemed to be a sort of stepping-stone to the mountains beyond." "I walked," says he, "along a little path, through recently reaped fields, with a high wall on one side, which shut me out from some gentleman's park or pleasure grounds. Groups of trees were scattered here and there, and old walls and hedges, over and through which, I made my way slowly, in the dimness of twilight. I seated myself on the rocks on the summit, and looked far and wide, over the valleys which were spread out before me. Lights began to glimmer here and there, from the quiet English homes, with which these valleys were filled. The lake resumed its reflections of the evening sky in its sheltered parts, and was ruffled by the evening breeze in others. The scene was impressive and almost solemn. But it soon became too cool for me to remain, notwithstanding the protection of the Highland plaid, which almost every tourist has around him, in coming out of Scotland. I reflected that it was September, and that I was in England. My Summer in Scotland, was ended and gone."